

LIFE OF THE STAGE

Pathetic Events Told by a Great Trio of Fun Makers.

SAD AND AMUSING INCIDENTS

Nat Goodwin Tells a Tough Guy's Story of Woo in Rhyme—The Week in the Local Theaters.

I remember it as though it were only yesterday. I accompanied my parents and my grandfather on a picnic over on the Palmyra near Hoboken. That was a great picnic ground in the days of my youth. It was a Fourth of July, and, after several hours of great fun, I went in search of more sport. I had just one pack of firecrackers left.

While roaming about I found my venerable grandfather asleep alongside a fisherman's boat, that had been hauled well up out of the Hudson's reach. By my grandfather's side lay his mammoth tie. The spirit of mischief was strong in me, and I placed my last pack of firecrackers in the capacious maw of that upturned slippers. Then I gently stole around my grandfather to make sure he was still asleep. I lit the fuse of those crackers.

In a second there was an explosion. To be sure, there was nothing left of my grandfather's hat, and he had seen me making off. I was suddenly seized with a weakness at the knees as my enraged grandfather made after me. He seemed to be endowed with the speed of a race-horse, and I could hear him shouting after me:

"Stop! I tell you! Stop, or you'll suffer for this!"

I tried to run faster, but my foot caught in a closely-woven bunch of briars, and down I went. My grandfather seized me by the collar and lifted me bodily off the ground.

"Now, you little vagabond, I'll make you remember this Fourth of July as long as you live."

He carried me over to a tree trunk that lay near by. First he sat on the trunk and used his hands to correct me. Then he got tired of holding me and laid me across the trunk, face downward, and whiplashed a birch rod. He spanked and whiplashed till I could no longer yell for mercy. I begged forgiveness and he let me off.

I will never forget that day as long as I live. It was really the most pathetic few moments of my life.

Did my father renew my grandfather's medicine? Well, he heard what my grandfather had done, and called me to his side. I expected to get another spanking, but he evidently decided that I had had enough, for he only said:

"You will have to buy your grandfather a new hat."

And I did. I saved up pennies for a long time and my father purchased the hat. That Christmas my grandfather bought me a pony and we were ever afterward good friends.

But, where? For an old man what happens he had!

Reverend Father

Nat Goodwin Rhymes a Tale of Woe.

Pathos. Why there is a pathos in almost every scene in life if you want to look at it in that way. Do comedians ever really become pathetic? Every man has his moments when both sky and earth are blue—a dark heavy indigo, as it were. Sitting in a cafe while playing at the Fifth Avenue theater recently, I was approached by a woman who asked him:

"She was not one of those gentle beggars you occasionally meet at a philanthropic professional. At our table was 'Bully' Crane, Joseph Jefferson and several other friends."

"Now," said Crane, "tell us the story of your life from the time you were a child and we will pass the hat around."

She did so and we all forgot that she was a beggar—a professional beggar—for she made us actually feel sympathetic. She told it in a tough dialect, which I have tried to reproduce:

In a lower ward in the city,
In a alley full of dirt,
My father and mother was first,
When I was brought to earth,
No mother around when I was born,
My father was a drunkard,
And with me was in me mother's shadow,
Avering on the spot.

I grew up in the gutter,
I was all alone and old,
And I only had a few dead clothes,
Was not be taken in,
For I never expect when I could be beg,
No one to help me when I was in need,
No one to help me when I was in need,
No one to help me when I was in need.

As I grew I was a grown-up girl,
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Letting his mother what loved him,
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drift in the Alps, where the little
fisherboy, portrayed by that clever
little actress, Minnie O'Connell Gray,
is buried in an avalanche of snow, and
is rescued by her faithful St. Bernard.

Maybe it's do Lord above
What search me when I die
To see the little old ones more
And hear his little cry.

And if I meet his father
I might commit some sin
But when I climbed the golden
Ladder wouldn't let me in.

Mal C. Goodwin

Slippery Ball's Heart is Touched at the
Morgue.

I had a desire to visit the morgue on
the Ballerue grounds at the East river
and Twenty-sixth street. On a pleasant
afternoon, along with a couple of com-
panions, I strolled about the grounds of
the old stone house of suffering, where
so many of our profession have cashed
their checks, and then we accepted the
invitation of Mr. White, the morgue
keeper, to visit the house of the dead.

He was an exceedingly cordial and
affable sort of a fellow. There were
about twenty dead men and women on
the slabs, some tagged and ready for
the next boat to the Potter's field, and
others awaiting identification.

"We have a pretty fair collection of
'finds' to-day," said the morgue keeper
in his matter-of-fact way.

He then went on to tell us how many
unknown dead were brought to the
morgue from the two rivers and New
York bay last year. I think he said
that during a period of twelve months
that had just passed more than four
hundred bodies had been buried in Pot-
ter's field without identification.

Among the number were men and
women, old and young, with the wrecks
of a great city in the majority. While
we were talking upon this ghastly sub-
ject just outside the morgue door an old
woman came tottering up.

"Hello, auntie!" said the morgue
keeper.

The old woman bowed, but did not
speak, and entered the morgue.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Why, that's an old caller of ours.
Been here every day for nearly two
years now, rain or shine."

"Looking for some one, I suppose?"

"Yes, a daughter. She is not of the
poor class, but dresses very plainly.
We let her view the bodies every day.
For every woman who looks like her
daughter she provides a decent burial
and flowers, too. I tell you, there is
nothing mean about auntie."

Just then an attendant rushed up
and said: "Auntie has fainted over
No. 13."

We found that No. 13 was a rather
comely young woman who had been
taken from the river that morning.

"I guess she has found her daughter
at last," said the morgue keeper, as he
lifted the unconscious form of the old
woman and carried her outside.

It was, indeed, a pathetic scene, and
one I shall never forget.

On the bosom of the dead woman lay
a bunch of flowers, placed there by the
mother who had at last ended her
search for her lost daughter.

The morgue keeper told me that the
old woman's child had gone wrong and
had disappeared from her home. The
mother somehow had a premonition
that she would destroy herself, and so
continued her visits to the morgue.

"Do you have many cases like this
one?" I asked the morgue keeper before
leaving.

"That's only one of a thousand," he
replied.

Kaghy Bill

"PAUL KAUFAR"—THE POWER.

"Paul Kaufar," that picturesque
French drama, will be the next attrac-
tion in The Powers Wednesday and
Thursday evenings. The scenes of the
piece are laid in Paris, and the time
during the French revolution of 1793.

The story teaches a lesson of true
patriotism and is sensational. Paul
Kaufar, painter, patriot and president
of the revolutionary action of France,
finds himself struggling for right and
justice between two great foes, the
nobility of France on one side and a
howling mob of anarchists frantically
calling for vengeance on the other.

The former grinding under the heels
of oppression and leaving destitute all
sons and daughters of France outside
their own circle, and the latter, a curse
to humanity and a drawback to any
cause which they support, seeking to
individually benefit themselves, re-
gardless of all sacrifice, find in Paul
Kaufar a master worthy the name.

Paul's great love for his secretly mar-
ried wife, his devotion to his country
and his noble self-sacrifice to save
the life of the father of his wife,
who believes him a Judas, and the
cheerful manner in which he faces
death rather than dishonor on two oc-
casions, is the foundation on which the
entirely brilliant drama is built.

There are many striking pictures that
intensely the action, and love, hatred,
selfishness and ambition are the pas-
sions which away and animate the
principal characters. Harrison Wolfe,
who assumes the title role, is a young
robust actor of much natural ability,
with a physique that will fit him for
the part. Miss Mildred Holland, who
plays Paul's wife, the principal female
character, is an actress of great promise,
possessing good looks and an easy stage
bearing. The supporting cast is com-
plete and comprises the Messrs. Gar-
rick, Bailey, Conway and Rose and the
Messrs. White and Moore.

VENUS BELLS—THE GRAND.

In the Grand tonight will be pre-
sented the beautiful melodrama,
"Vesper Bells." It is a story of love,
combined with the highest order of
comedy. The scenic effects are simply
marvelous, particularly the snow scene
in the Alps mountain and the rescue
by the truly wonderful and intelligent
St. Bernard dogs, introduced in an-
other scene of the play by Mr. Stephens.

Miss Minnie O'Connell Gray is a beautiful
and painstaking actress, and the sup-
porting company up to the average.
During the progress of the play no-
merous specialties will be introduced,
without interfering, however, with the
plot. The company carries all its own
special scenery, and besides the dogs,
there will be three acting painted
ponies, whose tricks are beyond de-
scription, and none seem to be ap-
preciated. The scenic effects are won-
derfully realistic, notably the snow-



dogs in the nick of time. The plot of
"Vesper Bells" is interesting, and well
wrought, the dialogue is bright and
often beautiful, while the comedy is
witty and yet free from taint. Taken
altogether, "Vesper Bells" is a play
well worth seeing, particularly to the
ladies and children, who are at all
times interested in the performance of
the clever little Russian ponies, so well
handled by Mr. Stephens. Matinees
will be given Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday afternoons.

BALLAD CO. PROGRAM—HARTMAN'S.

Following is the program of the con-
cert to be given at Hartman's hall by
the New York English Ballad com-
pany, Thursday, February 15:

Spring Song. Quartet.
Piano Solo—A. Magic Fire Music. Wagner-Brauns
b. Gavotte (Left Hand only).
A. Glose. Bach-Johann
Love's Philosophy. C. F. Duft. Jordan
One Spring Morning. N. V. N. V.
Where Are You Going, Pretty Maid. Caldecott
Quartet.
Love's Sorrow. Albert L. King. Shelley
Sonnets de Audelaus. Gottschalk
Love's Old Song. Mrs. Jule Delyth. Carrell
Nearest and Dearest. Mrs. Jule Delyth. Carrell
Stars of the Night. Mrs. Jule Delyth. Carrell
A Parting Kiss. Mrs. Jule Delyth. Carrell
b. You Stole My Love. M. C. Farren
Quartet.

JACK'S CREOLE—SMITH'S.

Miss Belle Davis, the merry Creole
belles and the dancing beauty, will
hold forth in Smith's opera house all
the week. The entertainment is said
to possess that merit of freshness for
which Mr. Jack is said to be noted,
and affords rare opportunities for the
varied talent of the beautiful artists.
Vivacious vocalists, shapely dancers
and merry burlesquers combine to
make the entertainment one of the

most enjoyable ever witnessed. The
Creole belle divides the honors with
the Egyptian beauty, and both man-
ifest an ambitious desire to please.

In the first part, entitled "A Spectacular
Exhibition of the Camouflage," a beau-
tiful scene of the sunny tropics is pro-
duced. It is said to be an ideal picture
of tropical luxuriance and introduces
the most voluptuous maidens attired
in light airy raiment which outlines
the perfect form of the fair native of
the tropics. Strange, sweet songs are
heard, accompanied by the most en-
trancing music. There is an olio, in-
cluding the gaviotte and grand en-
semble, Egyptian pastimes, Creole
revels, vocalists, comedians and
acrobats. Matinee prices today
and for all combinations the same as
evening—10, 25 and 50 cents. Matinee
prices during the week the same as
usual.

GENERAL STAGE NOTES.

Dramatic writers of the past few
years have been at their wit's end in
their attempts to secure something new
of a realistic kind to introduce into the
play. The realization of dramatist
Harrison Wolfe, who, after careful thought and research,
conceived the idea of introducing in
the third act of "A Nutmeg Match" a
complete working pilot-driver. In this
scene a great massive machine of the
kind is shown, propelled by a vigorous
little steam engine. This pilot-driver is
not called in an awkward or round-
about manner, but its introduction is
devised into the action of the play
in a most natural and effective way.

One Heege, the successful young
author of the Anglo-Swedish comedy,
"Von Youson," is made of that purely
American material which his pres-
ential chair. He began life as a
newsboy and between the ages of 8 and
15 wrote every morning at 3 o'clock and
sold papers until school time, his earn-
ings being expended in clothing him
and paying his board while he ac-
quired the training which has since
helped to make him famous.

"The Fencing Master" and its stupid
brother is petering out and will soon
leave the New York Casino for the
road. There has been more bluff
about this opera than any other pro-
duction this season. It was a triumph,
triumph but was mounted failure from
the first, and when its footers said it
would "run for two or three years at
least" they did their level best to kill
it.—Dunlap's Stage News.

Thomas W. Keene, the great trage-
dian, and the only eminent one in the
road this season, is this week playing
in the large house in Ohio, and at
each point his reception is nothing
short of a triumph and ovation. Not
since the time of Edwin Forrest have

not a horrid and less numerous the
present season.

AN EVENT OF THE SEASON.

The Gay Bachelors Will Entertain Their
Friends in Good Style.

The bachelors' annual ball, which
will take place in Hartman's reception
hall tomorrow night is being looked
forward to with much pleasurable an-
ticipation by the twenty-some bachelors
who are arranging for it and the host-
esses who have been favored with invita-
tions. The bachelors always give as
nearly a perfect entertainment as pos-
sible, and this occasion will be no ex-
ception. Some pleasant surprises have
been prepared for the guests. The
bachelors say they have suspended
business from Saturday to Tuesday in
order to give their whole attention to
the affair. John McQuinn is chair-
man of the committee on arrange-
ments and Robert A. Barnard has
charge of the decorative features. The
music will be by Weinstock's orchestra.

(Continued on Youth Page)

NO LACK OF GAYETY

Society Pleasures Are Still
Numerous and Varied.

LENT IS NOW CLOSE AT HAND

And Society's Diversions Will Then
Diminish—Meanwhile the Balls
Go Merrily On.

February is anything but a dull
month socially, judging from the en-
tertainments of the past and coming
weeks. Events crowd upon each other
fast enough to keep the socially in-
clined active and the young people
especially are looking forward to many
new pleasures before the advent of
Lent. The St. Cecilia ball of '93 has
come and gone, leaving in its train
many happy memories, some of them
tempered with sadness when the sud-

den death of the society's most cul-
tivated pianist is remembered to have
happened on the same night. The
"Gondoliers" jolly junket to Kala-
mazoo Friday night was a sort of re-
union and turned out to be an all-night
affair. It will doubtless prove profit-
able to Mrs. Campau's hard working
bachelors. Anticipations center in the
Bachelors' ball of tomorrow night
above all the events of the immediate
future. The bachelors aren't saying
much in advance, but will be sure to
do themselves proud all the same.

Everyone of the twenty-nine gentle-
men interested is working for the suc-
cess of the affair, and though some are,
of course, leaders, it is desired that if
any particular credit is given, all share
in it alike. The most prominent women's
social event was the Clark-Hovey re-
ception on Friday. There were some
novel and beautiful features in decora-
tions, and the hostesses had competent
assistants in entertaining their crowd of
guests in the persons of several women
friends. Valentine day is at hand,
with all its old-time interest and mys-
tery. From the inquiries and inspec-
tion of the goods which has been going
on the past few days, the faintly com-
pote of the season in that line will have
been converted into cash by Tuesday
night. As with other lines of artistic
productions of that kind, valentines are
becoming more artistic every year, and
the cheap and horrible kinds appear

